

HUN DESTROYER RAID ON DOVER PATROL FORCES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

CAPT. HARMSWORTH'S FUNERAL IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.



Irish Guardsmen carrying the coffin in the cemetery, and brother officers of the late captain.



At the graveside, Lieutenant the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's only surviving son, standing between his father and uncle, Viscount Northcliffe (right). In circle, Capt. Harmsworth. Captain the Hon. H. A. V. Harmsworth, M.C., Irish Guards, Lord Rothermere's heir, who died of wounds, was buried at Hampstead yesterday with full military honours.



Mrs. Thomas Maggs.



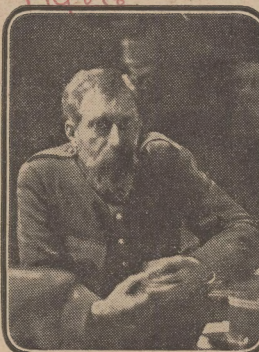
Thomas Maggs.



Walter Maggs and his wife.

Two brothers, Walter and Thomas Maggs, who lived and died together. Educated at the same school, they worked for the same firm, and, having good voices, always sang duets. They married sisters on the same day and lived in adjoining flats. Both joined the London Regiment, went to the front together, got leave at the same time, and were finally both killed by the same shell. — (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

CLOSING SCENES IN THE BOLO TRIAL.



Lieut. Mornet, prosecuting counsel, demanded the death penalty.



M. Viollette, a former Minister, in the witness-box.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR'S ROMANCE.



Forest N. Groff, a chief yeoman in the United States Navy, and Miss Nora Carroll, daughter of the late Sir James Carroll and Lady Carroll, have just been quietly married at Queenstown.



Bolo resting his arm on the dock and Porchere (side-face). The latter, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, was charged as principal in the attempt to purchase shares in the *F igaro* in the enemy's interest.

BUTCHERS LONG WAIT FOR MEAT.

Fish More Plentiful and a Popular Meal.

THE KIPPER DINNER.

Nearly 3,000 butchers invaded Smithfield Market yesterday for week-end supplies, and again there was a great shortage.

Some of the butchers lined up in the queue as early as five in the morning.

Chickens and hens seemed to be the only things that were plentiful, and these sold at 2s. and 1s. 6d. per pound wholesale.

Housewives will welcome the increase in the fish supply.

Some 550 tons were available at Billingsgate yesterday. This means that fish should be cheaper to-day.

Many people will have a dinner of kippers and potatoes to-morrow instead of the usual Sunday joint.

A Harley-street doctor says that they contain all the essentials of a really good meal.

Lord Rhonda feels that a good deal of grumbling and discontent in regard to food shortage would disappear if the fact were widely known that we have been sharing with our Allies, and that our shortage really means a spirit of sacrifice.

"I want to make an appeal," says Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in a message from France yesterday, "to those people at home who are writing letters to the troops which give disturbing and even harrowing accounts of their food difficulties."

"I was talking the other day to a padre who is closely in touch with the men of a battalion. He said a number of them were painfully perplexed and worried by what their relations told them."

It is too bad to write in this exaggerated strain. It is fair to depress men who may be about to face the most violent offensive.

GAVE UP £1,000 A WEEK.

Noted Dancer Who Became Airman Killed While Flying.

FORT WORTH (TEXAS), Friday.—Mr. Vernon Castle, the well-known professional dancer, has been killed in a flying accident.

Mr. Castle, who was a captain in the Royal Flying Corps, was an instructor in an American cadet aviation camp near here.

His aeroplane was 50ft. above the ground and was moving rapidly, when another machine started to rise. Mr. Castle saw the danger of a collision, and undertook a difficult turn.

The aeroplane failed to respond and crashed to the ground. Mr. Castle was killed instantly. The cadet in the other machine was injured.

Mr. Castle was a British subject, and in order to join the Royal Flying Corps, he gave up his dancing career, by which he and his wife made an income averaging £1,000 a week. He went to America to train American airmen.

FIVE GIRLS—ONE DRESS.

Munition Workers Who Share Expensive Holiday Costume.

Spartan simplicity is popular in Mayfair. Advertisements have appeared desiring a share of the services of a governess, housekeeper and lady's maid.

The idea of sharing has spread. In one munition factory a five-guinea costume was shared by five girl workers, who took a day off on different days.

Standard Clothes Soon.—The arrangements for standard clothing are almost complete, says

MATTERS OF MOMENT.

The following brilliant articles will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*—**THE NEW MAGNA CHARTA**—By Horatio Bottomley.

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON—By Austin Harrison, editor of the "English Review."

THE RUSH FOR GOVERNMENT JOBS—A warning to youth not to waste its greatest opportunity.—By J. D. Whelpley.

WHEN THE GIRLS COME HOME—By Hilda M. Love.

the Secretary to the War Office, and wholesale clothing manufacturers, desirous of obtaining supplies of standard clothes, should make application at once to the Director of Wool Textile Production, Standard Cloth Branch, War Office, Bradford.

WOMEN'S CHARACTER REVEALED.

If anybody had asked any subject of this Empire before the war if it knew the women of his own country, he would have scornfully answered, "Yes."

Any man who looked on the revelation of the womanhood of this kingdom since the war began would now humbly say that he had not known them.

So said Dr. Page, the United States Ambassador, at the installation of Lord Crewe as Chancellor of Sheffield University yesterday.

MILITARY FUNERAL.

Impressive Service at Burial of Capt. the Hon. H. Harmsworth.

"THE LAST POST."

Amid many demonstrations of sympathy and respect the funeral of Captain the Hon. H. A. V. St. G. Harmsworth, M.C., of the Irish Guards, Lord Rothermere's eldest son, took place in London yesterday.

The first part of the service was held at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square.

The coffin, draped with the Union Jack and bearing on the lid Captain Harmsworth's cap and sword, was carried into the church by men of the Irish Guards, a guard of honour from the same regiment lining the aisle.

The mourners were Lord and Lady Rothermere and their surviving son, Lieutenant the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, Viscount and Viscountess Northcliffe, Mr. Leicester Harmsworth, M.P., and Mrs. Leicester Harmsworth, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., and Mrs. Cecil Harmsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrand Harmsworth, Mr. St. John Harmsworth, Mrs. Percy Burton and other relatives.

There was a very large congregation. Field-Marshal Viscount French was represented by Colonel Sir John Hall, and the Air Council by Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson and Major L. Baird, M.P. Others present included Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Glenconner, Lady Morris of St. John's, Lady Strathcona, Major-General Sir David Mercer, Major-General Sir E. Shaw, Sir John Stanley, Sir Herbert and the Hon. Lady Norman, Major Davidson, representing Sir William Weir (Air Council), Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. T. Vesey, Lady Pearson, Colonel Leslie Wilson, M.P., Captain Hon. A. Tennynson, Mrs. Hwta Williams, Mr. Campbell Stuart, Captain Bertram Lima, Mr. T. Marlowe and Mr. G. A. Sutton.

A large number of officers of the Irish Guards, including Captain W. A. Redmond, M.P., and members of the Irish Guards, were present.

The burial took place at Hampstead Cemetery, Fortune Green-road, West Hampstead. A string-party of the Irish Guards fired volleys over the grave, and a detachment of buglers sounded "The Last Post."

There were a great number of wreaths, including floral tributes from the Irish Guards, Field-Marshal Viscount French and the Home Forces' Staff, Mr. Bonar Law and Miss I. Law, the Air Council, Sir George and Lady Riddell, and from *The Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Pictorial* and other newspapers.

KIPLING ON WAR AIMS.

"If We Fail, Democracy Will Be Discredited."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, addressing a great patriotic demonstration at Folkestone yesterday, said if for any reason whatever we fell short of victory the whole idea of democracy would be dismissed from men's minds.

Democracy, if it failed to maintain itself against the Hun, would die and be discredited. The Hun ideal, the Hun notion of life would take its place throughout the world.

Under that dispensation labour would become a thing to be kicked on the head if it dared to give trouble, and worked to death if it did not. That was what the world had bandied itself together to resist.

50 LIVES LOST IN FIRE.

Wounded Soldiers Do Rescue Work at Burning Nunnery.

MONTREAL, Friday.—A shocking fire disaster occurred here last night, when fifty children lost their lives in an outbreak of fire at the Grey Nunnery.

Five hundred wounded soldiers were quartered on the lower floors of the building, and soldiers in the building helped to rescue the children from the fourth floor.—*Central News*.

NO DEARER TAXICAB FARES YET.

The Home Secretary, having had examined the books of the British Motor Cab Company, yesterday told the company that he could not order with their application to raise London taxicab fares to 1s. per mile, as the figures they submitted did not justify the increase.

If a certain number of cab proprietors will allow their books to be examined—which many approaches already have refused to do—the Home Secretary will be prepared to come to an immediate decision.

ELTHAM MURDER—MAN DETAINED.

It is stated that the man detained in connection with the murder of Peggie Trew at Eltham Common is a resident of the district.

He is described as an ex-soldier and his age is given as twenty-one, and it is understood that he will be brought up at Woolwich Police Court to-day.



Mr. E. Shortt, K.C., made chairman of a Committee to advise the Minister of Reconstruction on the public interest concerning trade combines.



Sir Ernest Cassel, who has given a two-handled silver porringer and cover for the collection. Some 3,500 gifts have been received.

JELICOE'S QUEST.

Three Days' Search To Find His Food Control Office.

SPEECH ON THE "SEA AFFAIR."

"I have been looking for my local Food Control office for three days, and have been unable to find it," declared Lord Jellicoe, speaking last night at the Victoria Working Men's Club at Kew.

Referring to the "sea affair," Lord Jellicoe said that no doubt the men of the Fleet thought as the country thought, that they would be in action within a few days of the outbreak of war.

"I don't know how many times I took the Fleet down the Heligoland Bight, dragging our Fleet down for the Germans to tread on its tail," said Admiral Jellicoe, "but he never came out; he never trod on the tail."

"I am not over optimistic that the Grand Fleet will get their chance for some little time. I think the German is wise enough to stop in harbour, not because he finks the business—for the German seaman is a very gallant fellow—but he knows he is making our task very difficult by staying where he is."

There is always the threat that he may come, and there is no situation more difficult to deal with than what is termed the naval defensive on the part of a weaker opponent.

ALIENS AND WAR WORK.

Drastic New Order Affecting All Between 18 and 61.

A drastic new Order in Council under the Aliens Restriction Act, affecting the employment of aliens, comes into operation on March 1.

Under its terms no alien between the ages of eighteen and sixty-one may engage in any one of a long list of scheduled trades without a licence from the Director-General of National Service, to be applied for through the Labour Exchanges.

Application for permission to take up or transfer to another occupation after March 1 must be made by the alien in person to an Employment Exchange.

BOLO WANTS NEW TRIAL.

Dramatic Last Moments in Court—"Console My Wife."

Bolo Pasha, on whom the court-martial unanimously passed sentence of death, has made application for a new trial, states the *Pettit Parisien*.

The application, says the paper, will be made on the ground, among others, that the witness of the Court in conversation with the President of the Court and the Public Prosecutor in court.

The *Matin* states that Bolo awaited the decision of the Court with the utmost calmness, and must be made by the alien in person to an Employment Exchange.

He was removed to the Sainte Prison, where he was lodged in the condemned cell, when he was made to discard his fashionable clothes and don the grey uniform of a condemned prisoner.

HUN'S SUICIDE ON THE ZEELAND.

A verdict of Felo de se was returned at an inquest at Boston yesterday on a German named Henrich Pirner, aged forty-eight, formerly of Anerley-road, London, who was found on board the Dutch ship *Zeeland* with his head almost cut off.

Evidence showed that deceased came to England from Paris when the war began, and that formerly he was a bank manager. He had no mental or other trouble, but letters showed that he was overjoyed at being expatriated.

OBJECTION TO "LADY SUPERVISORS."

Friction has arisen in the Birmingham Small Arms Company works.

A section of the workers urges that all the lady supervisors be dismissed. The officials decline, but have intimated that all supervisors shall be suspended pending a discussion of the point by employers, employees and trade union officials.

The sum required to be raised each week by the sales of National War Bonds is £25,000,000, which represents roughly, 10s. per head per week man, woman and child throughout the country.

THE KING'S PLATFORM SPEECH TO BOYS.

Earnest Address on Love of Country.

TOUR OF CLASSROOMS.

Stepping to the front of the platform in the assembly hall of a London school yesterday, the King addressed the pupils and gave them a striking definition of patriotism.

The school was St. Olave's and St. Saviour's Grammar School, Bernersley, and King George was accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary.

The visit was entirely unexpected, for the King particularly wanted to see the school under everyday conditions. The visitors went into a number of the classrooms.

They were highly amused at some of the answers given in these classrooms, where the instruction was oral. In one instance boys were invited to give blackboard demonstrations of the solving of problems in Euclid. The King frankly admitted that he could not have supplied the solutions to-day.

The Queen and Princess Mary devoted a good deal of attention to the kitchens and to the arrangements for feeding those of the scholars who take their meals at the school.

SPEECH IN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

When the boys had assembled in the hall, the royal party took their places on the platform. Speaking with emphasis and great earnestness, the King said:

"As I understand patriotism, it is love of your country; love so great that you are prepared to give up your own interests, and to sacrifice your lives if necessary, for the honour and welfare of your country."

"During this terrible war I can say that the whole nation has shown its patriotism in a remarkable manner."

"Your school, I believe, is one of the oldest in London, having been founded in 1571 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth," continued the King.

His Majesty congratulated the school on having sent upwards of 1,000 boys and old boys into the Army. Over 100 of those, he was informed, had laid down their lives.

"I feel sure," said the King in conclusion, "that when you leave you will never forget all you have been taught here, and that you will show the same patriotism as those who have gone before you."

Their Majesties also visited the girls' department in New Kent-road, where the King also addressed the girls.

"I WAS ONLY 17."

Wife on Her Previous Marriage in Letter to Husband.

A curious nullity suit came before Mr. Justice Lush in the Divorce Court yesterday when Lieutenant Robert Grierson, R.A., was granted a decree for nullity of marriage on the ground that at the time he went through a ceremony of marriage with the respondent, May Lilian Knight, she had a husband living. There was no defence.

At the ceremony in October, 1907, respondent represented herself as a single woman.

In India in 1910 she confessed that she had a husband living and petitioner said he sent her home to England. In 1914 she wrote him, saying:

"My unfortunate marriage frees you as I could not get it annulled. I was only seventeen at the time and he was a bully. I ran away in February, 1915."

"Then you fortunately married me. I tried to think I was as free as other women to love and be loved."

Edward Henry Knight gave evidence of marrying the respondent, then May Lilian Slack, on August 11, 1896.

NEWS ITEMS.

Premier Better.—Mr. Lloyd George is reported to be much better.

All's Well.—All British officers serving in Rumania are well.—*British official*.

Judge Dies in Court.—Judge William Evans died suddenly at Oswestry County Court yesterday.

Perambulators Barred.—Lewisham Council has directed that people seeking safety in air-raid shelters must not take chairs, camp stools or perambulators with them.

Swallowed a Pin.—A verdict of Misadventure was returned at a London inquest yesterday on Doris Brown, aged fifteen months, who died in hospital after swallowing a pin.

Offer That Was Too Late.—A few hours after the death of the late Lord Henry Fielding, of Faversham, a message was received from the Lord Chancellor offering him "a living."

Electro-Culture.—The President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has appointed a committee to advise in regard to all electrical questions in connection with the carrying out of experiments in electro-culture.

Mr. Henry Stubbfield, an old Sussex county-cricketer and a member of the English team in America in 1872, has died at Brighton at the age of eighty.

At the Ring this evening, in a fifteen-round contest, the ex-weight champion, Corporal Jack Goldswain, of the 2nd Middlesex, fought and defeated Billy Fullerton (Army Gymnastic Staff) will be opposed.

TWO FRENCH SEAPLANES BOMBED A U-BOAT

British Warning About the Imprisoned Airmen Handed In at Berlin.

4½ TONS OF BOMBS IN TRENCH RAID.

Ceaseless British Vigilance in the West Against Any German Surprise—Gunfire Near Queant.

U-Boat's Fate.—The story of how two French seaplanes bombed and sank a U-boat in the Channel was issued in Paris yesterday.

Britain's Warning.—The British warning to Germany of reprisal if two British airmen are imprisoned has been handed in to Berlin.

French Air Raids.—French airmen dropped four and a half tons of bombs on railway stations at Thionville, Conflans and Metz-Sablons, etc.

HOW THE BRITISH ARMY BIG FRENCH AIR RAID ON AWAITS THE GERMANS. Foe Railway Stations.

"The Day" Arrives, but No Sign of Foe's Offensive.

READY TO MEET THEM.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE, Friday.—This is the day upon which, according to some German newspapers, of about a fortnight ago, the grand offensive was to start, upon the western front.

This morning's reports from the battle line are unanimously couched in the terms of "all quiet," save for the usual bursts of artillery fire.

If the Germans were coming either to-day or to-morrow they would find our men all ready to receive them.

There is a great deal of talk about plans for surprising us, and no doubt these are complete enough in every respect, save that which fails to take account of the keen vigilance which is being ceaselessly exercised everywhere along our front.

The various brilliant raids which have been carried out during the present week by British, Australian and Canadian troops have resulted in a very considerable total of prisoners, and I understand that some of these have heard rumours about the coming offensive.

But in the main such stories are merely a repetition of hearsay.

READY AND WAITING.

Our airmen are said to be seeing set-piece rehearsals by bodies of troops a long way behind the enemy front, but, as their own flying men can at almost any time witness similar scenes in our own back areas, it does not follow that specific conclusions can be drawn from this training activity.

And here I would remark that, although a very great deal is being said nowadays as to what the Germans are doing, coupled with much speculation as to their intentions, very little is being told of our own preparations.

Whilst this is, of course, strictly as it should be, it probably has the effect of making people at home wonder whether we are measuring the tremendous menace to the full degree.

All through the winter the British Army has been working, perhaps as never before, to be ready to meet the worst the Germans can do, and to retaliate with a weight which even the enemy can hardly suspect for all his grim memories of last year's campaigning.

The constant evidence we continue to get of the manner in which the Germans are imitating details of our methods forms the most convincing testimony conceivable to the wonderful efficiency of our vast military machine.—*Reuter's Special.*

HUN G.H.Q. CONFERS.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—According to the Berlin evening papers, as cited in a Berlin telegram, the discussions at Main Headquarters have led to complete accord in the views of the military and political authorities.

The final decision, however, has not yet been reached, and no announcement will be made for some days.—*Reuter.*

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—The Berlin *Tagblatt* learns that the most important question in the negotiations at German Headquarters was the "truce problem," that is, whether a truce with Russia exists or not.

The view of Berlin is that the truce was entered upon expressly in order to secure peace, but peace not being the same day, so that demobilisation was revealed the same day, so that demobilisation did not in fact take place.—*Exchange.*

SEAPLANES SINK U-BOAT IN CHANNEL FIGHT.

Pilots Drop Bombs Right on the Submarine.

PARIS, Friday.—The following semi-official note is issued here to-day:—

Quite recently, while patrolling the Channel, two of our seaplanes observed an enemy submarine floating on the surface.

Making a sharp turn, the pilot of the leading seaplane brought his machine into such a position towards the sun that he could see better without being seen.

He then proceeded to attack the submarine, followed by the second seaplane. The submarine submerged, but the conning tower had not disappeared before the seaplanes, having dived to a low altitude, dropped their bombs right on their objective.

The leading machine then returned to its base for a further supply of bombs, leaving the other machine to keep a look-out.

The latter, a few seconds after the attack, saw the forefront of the submarine emerge at an angle of 45deg.

Then the submarine slowly rose to the surface again, without, however, being able to regain a horizontal position, and again disappeared in a violent whirlpool.

Three times at short intervals the submarine attempted to rise to the surface, taking at each attempt a steeper list to starboard.

Then the observer saw the whole of the submarine's port side exposed while the submarine rested on its beam ends.

Finally the vessel disappeared without having succeeded in getting its conning-tower above water.—*Reuter.*

"IF GERMAN NAVY TRIES A CALAIS LANDING!"

French Expert Says British Ardently Desire Such an Attempt.

PARIS, Friday.—M. Marcel Hutin, in the *Echo de Paris*, says:—

I am asked whether I do not regard as possible a German naval action in conjunction with submarine squadrons, with the object of attempting a landing on the coast of Pas-de-Calais.

I know the British ardently desire that the Germans should attempt such naval offensive plan, and our Allies, seconded by the Channel naval forces of the North Sea, contemplate with perfect serenity the eventuality of a German naval enterprise in conjunction with their offensive plans on our lines.

The sea front is watched with the same vigilance as the land front.—*Exchange.*

BOLO. CONDEMNED TO DIE, WANTS NEW TRIAL.

Dramatic Last Moments in Court —"Console My Wife."

Bolo Pasha, on whom the court-martial unanimously passed the sentence of death, has made an application for a new trial, states the *Paris*.

His associate, Cavallini, now imprisoned in Italy, was also sentenced to death, and Forchere, Bolo's tool, was sent to prison for three years.

The application for a new trial, says the paper, will be made on the ground, among others, that the witness M. Casella was observed during an adjournment of the Court in conversation with the President, the Reporter and the Public Prosecutor in the body of the court.

The *Matin* (quoted by the Central News correspondent) states that Bolo awaited the decision of the Court with the utmost calmness, and on learning the result simply said: "Console my wife for me; I fear nothing."

He then rose, and, turning to his guards, remarked: "Now let's go and get our coats and hats."

He was removed to the Sainte Prison, where he was lodged in the condemned cell, when he was made to discard his fashionable clothes and don the grey uniform of a condemned prisoner. He ate an excellent dinner.

"My mind is easy," he said. "There are thousands of reasons for my appeal and I shall get justice."

BIG BLOW AT ITALY?

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Slight fighting activity along the whole front. Our artillery fire effectively disturbed enemy working parties in the Val Giudicarie.—*Central News.*

ROME, Friday.—The *Giornale d'Italia* publishes an interview with General Diaz, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, who, after expressing the opinion that in future the eastern front could not cause any anxiety to the enemy, continued:—

"We must, therefore, be prepared for the eventuality of a fresh offensive which the Austro-Germans would like to attempt against us."—*Reuter.*

BRITAIN'S REPRISAL THREAT TO Foe.

Warning to Germany If Our Airmen Are Imprisoned.

TIME LIMIT FIXED.

Reuter's Agency learns that the intimation of the British Government warning Germany of reprisal in the event of the two British air officers, Captain Scholz and Lieutenant Wookey, being made to undergo the sentence of penal imprisonment passed upon them for dropping leaflets in German lines, was made to the German Government on the 12th inst.

It was handed in on that date by the Dutch Minister in Berlin.

No answer has yet been received. If reprisals become necessary, they will, according to The Hague arrangements, commence on March 12.

"GERMANY AGAIN AT WAR WITH RUSSIA."

Berlin Report of Brest Conference —"Armistice Aim Fails."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The report now issued in Berlin of the closing scenes at Brest-Litovsk makes it plain that Germany is at war with Russia.

After Trotsky had made his "no peace treaty and no war" declaration at the end of the meeting, von Kuhlmann rose and declared that he must only conclude that the Central Powers were at war with Russia.

Acts of war were stopped when the armistice was signed, but when that came to an end these acts of war must revive.

The aim of the armistice was to allow of peace being concluded, but as this had not been achieved war must recommence the moment the armistice expired.

NO AGREEMENT.

Before Trotsky's final dramatic declaration, the President of the Military Sub-Committee made a statement that no agreement had been reached.

Kuhlmann read out an order, which he said was issued by the Russian Army Command, and which was intended to circulate among the German troops.

In this Russian soldiers were commended to win over the German soldiers that they might take up arms against their enemies, the German generals and officers.

Trotsky declared that he knew nothing about this order.—*Central News.*

The Zurich correspondent of the *Paris Matin* reports that it is confirmed that Trotsky has been asked by Berlin and Vienna if he wants peace or war, and if he does not give a clear reply General von Eichorn will immediately march on Reval and Petrograd.

PALESTINE ADVANCE.

BRITISH PALESTINE OFFICIAL.

On February 14 our lines were advanced on a front of six miles to an average depth of two miles on either side of the village of Mukhmas, eleven and a half miles north-north-east of Jerusalem.

Little opposition was experienced. A minor enemy enterprise against one of our posts about four miles north-east of Jerusalem was repulsed after getting within bombing distance and a few prisoners were taken.

ANNULLED LOANS.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—Replying to the questions of a deputy in the Second Chamber of the States General yesterday regarding the annulment of Russian foreign loans, M. Loudon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, said the Dutch Government had proposed to other neutral Governments that joint action should be taken in the matter.

Spain, he added, had already assented to the proposal in principle, and replies were expected shortly from the Scandinavian Governments and Switzerland.—*Reuter.*

NO HUN TRADE BOYCOTT.

NEW YORK, Friday.—A referendum by the National Association of Manufacturers on the proposal submitted by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has resulted adversely to the suggestion of a trade boycott of Germany after the war.—*Reuter.*

ADDISABABA, Tuesday (received yesterday).—Taitou, Dowager Empress of Abyssinia, died yesterday.—*Reuter.*

Four and a Half Tons of Bombs—Fires and Explosions Caused.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Friday Afternoon.—Our detachments penetrated the German lines north-east of Courcy and brought back a dozen prisoners and a machine-gun.

In the Champagne the artillery duel continued with some liveliness all night, especially in the sector of the Bute du Mesnil. The total number of prisoners taken by us at this point during our operation of February 13 is 177.

On the right bank of the Meuse and in the Weverre the night was marked by violent bombardments.

In Upper Alsace we stopped an attempted enemy coup de main in the region south of Seppois. The night was calm everywhere else.

During the night of the 12th-13th our squadrons dropped 4,500 kilos (ten and a half tons) of projectiles on the stations of Thionville, Conflans, Chambley and Metz-Sablons.

Fires and explosions were observed at the Chambley and Metz-Sablons stations.—*Central News.*

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Friday Afternoon.—Crown Prince's Front.—North-west and east of Rheims there has been great reconnoitring activity on the part of the enemy. In the region of Fumay and south-east of Tahure lively artillery duels developed.

Duke Albrecht's Front.—Fighting activity revived intermittently in Upper Alsace.

During the month of January the enemy lost on the German front twenty captive balloons and 151 aeroplanes, sixty-seven of which fell behind our lines. The rest were seen to fall within the enemy's positions.

In aerial fighting we have lost sixty-eight aeroplanes and four captive balloons.

Nothing new to report in other theatres.—*Admiralty per Wireless Press.*

BRITISH HEAVILY SHELLED AT QUEANT.

Attack of Belgian Post Smashed—Foe's Claim.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

9.35 A.M.—The enemy's artillery showed considerable activity early in the night against our front line in the Queant sector. Apart from patrol encounters in the neighbourhood of Lens, by which we secured prisoners, there is nothing further to report from the British front.

Yesterday morning an attack by a German raiding party upon a Belgian post east of Merckem was successfully repulsed.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Friday.—There has been artillery and mine activity on isolated sectors.

Detachments of Naval Division captured two officers and twenty-six men as the result of a reconnoitring attack against the Belgian lines south-west of Mannedenker.—*Admiralty per Wireless Press.*

VANISHED TURK PRINCE.

Information has just reached London from Palestine, says Reuter, that in July last the son of the ex-Sultan Murad visited Jerusalem, and was received by the Turkish General Djemal Pasha with all the honours due to a Royal Prince.

Soon afterwards he went to the Beersheba front and was never heard of again.

Austrian officers declare that he was killed by Turkish bullets. No communication has ever been issued concerning his death.—*Reuter.*

SERBIA STILL CARRYING ON.



The sturdy women do war work. They are preparing material for roads.



Types of Serbia's new army, including a machine-gunner.

Though Serbia has passed through unheard-of trials and tribulations during the past three and a half years, the spirit of the people remains unbroken and their determination to defeat the Boche is as strong as ever. Her new army is splendidly equipped, even to steel helmets, and is a force to be reckoned with.

SALVING A STATUE



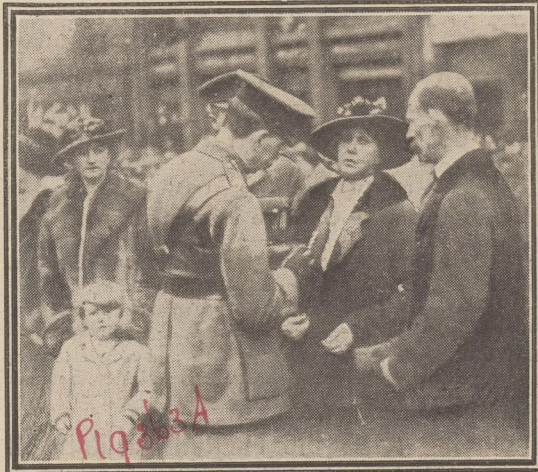
Removing a statue of the Virgin, dating from the fourteenth century, in shell-battered Rhemes.

NEW SPRING MODEL.



A new model from Paris. The dress is distinguished by its white waistcoat and the pleats.

M.C. FOR A HERO'S MOTHER



Major-General Doran, C.B., decorating Mrs. E. B. Stoker with the Military Cross, won by her late son, Lieutenant E. A. Stoker, Royal Irish Regiment, at Cork. (Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

TWO WAR HEROES

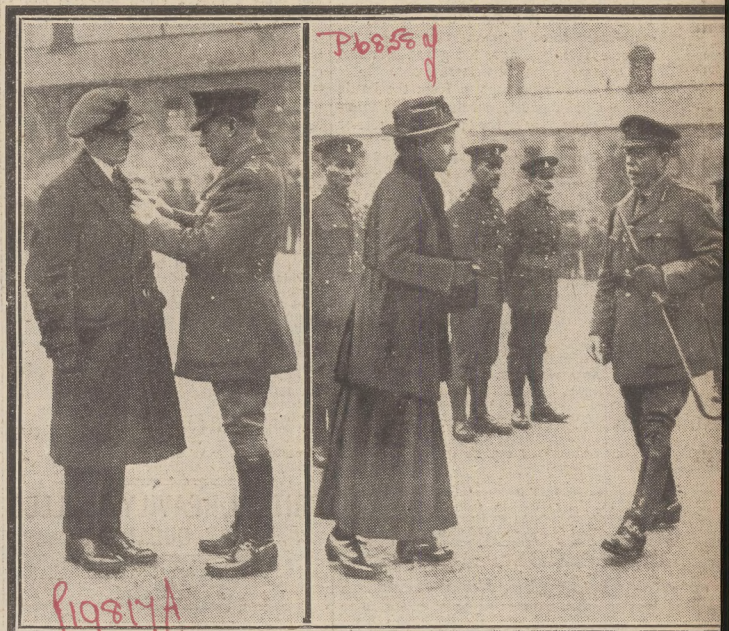


Capt. R. O. Hall, son of the Rev. C. G. Hall, vicar of St. Matthew's, No. 1, who has been awarded the M.C.



Cpl. J. Dunnett, of Kettling, awarded the M.C. by employers. He has been presented with a cheque and a wrist watch.

IRISH SOLDIERS DECORATED WHILE HOME ON LEAVE.



A number of Irish soldiers who had won medals for gallantry were decorated at Dublin while on leave. General Williams is seen pinning the M.C. on Rifleman Johnston, Royal Irish Regiment, and giving Mrs. Elmitt, mother of the late Lieutenant A. J. Elmitt, also of the Royal Irish Regiment, was handed his M.C. (Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)



DAUGHTER TO M.P.'S LADY.—Mrs. H. E. Staveley-Hill, wife of Major Richard Lloyd George, who has given birth to a daughter. The little girl is the Premier's first grandchild.



PREMIER GRANDFATHER.—Mrs. Richard Lloyd George, wife of Major Richard Lloyd George, who has given birth to a daughter. The little girl is the Premier's first grandchild.



NEXT WEEK'S WEDDING.—Doria Mello, who is to be married Monday to Mr. Robert Dick of Cuninghame, Scots Guards, of London Godstone, Surrey.

G PIT-BOY V.C.



E. Shepherd, V.C., being chaired. Pit-boy, he is not yet twenty-one.



IN "ARLETTE."—Miss Ethel Erskine, who is appearing at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She is also under study to Miss Winifred Barnes.

HOW TO CATER CHEAPLY IN FRANCE.



Reared from sucklings by the mess president of a balloon wing in the forward area.



A fine turkey.—(Official photographs.)

This officer finds that it is much cheaper to rear the animals himself than to buy them.

THUMBS UP MASCOT FOR EAGLE.



The eagle at the Y.M.C.A. but wasn't quite sure if the decoration was in accord with his dignity.

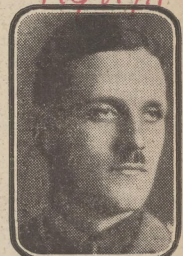
AWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.



Pte. Taylor, awarded the M.M. for gallantry at Cambrai. He was one of six Lewis gunners who distinguished themselves in bravery.



Sgt. Lewis Crispin, of Chawleigh, Devon, awarded the M.M. and the D.C.M. He laid fires for thirty-six hours under heavy fire.



Capt. Ernest Wright, Tank Corps, who has been awarded the Military Cross. He did particularly good work at Cambrai.

FROM ARAGON: OFFICERS SECOND "DOSE."



Small boat after leaving the Aragon, which was sunk in the Eastern Mediterranean. The man in the circle is the fourth officer, C. W. Kehoe-Scott, a survivor who got lowered. He is only nineteen and had previously been torpedoed.

A WOMAN IN THE TRENCHES



Mlle. de Baye, a woman worker, who has been twice decorated, visits the poilus in the Meuse sector.—(French official photograph.)

GRAVE IN THE BATTLEMENTS.



The grave of a Canadian Engineer, who was killed in the second battle of Ypres. Note the sandbags.—(Canadian War Records.)

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1918.

DIETETIC DOUBTS.

TALK about food, food-substitutes, economy in food, and the rest, has inevitably set the dietetic and food-value experts reasoning again; on old lines, the familiar lines; but with rather new application to the moment's needs. And once again, from their reasonings, do we deduce the surprising disagreement of great doctors on matters of common nourishment.

Take saccharin. Or rather don't take it! For we were warned against it by a doctor.

He said that saccharin might—sometimes did—produce upon the digestion the same effect as a combination of oysters and whisky. It impeded digestion by giving a rock-like consistency to all foods. It was even capable, on occasion.

But here we interrupted the doctor by reminding him that, before the war, saccharin was impressed upon the rheumatic, in place of sugar, which they were never to touch.

He replied, without hesitation—they always have an answer ready: "Yes; but we have learnt much by the war."

No doubt. We have not learnt to agree, however.

For, asking a friend who had asked his doctor about saccharin, we were answered, bluntly and immediately: "Stuff and nonsense! Rubbish! No harm in it at all!"

About alcohol, meanwhile, as we know, the controversy is continuous. Those who have given it up, claim that they are new people—better and brighter.

Those who keep to it, announce that, in proper moderation, it is a "tonic food," as medical service in the war has shown. It is a food. And, if a food, then a food-substitute: in other words, if you can't get butter, drink Burgundy. So they advise.

And these discrepancies will increase, evidently, as the numbers and varieties of foods and food-suggestions increase.

We shall be recommended whale, or shark.

Somebody will write to the editor and say, like Dr. Johnson: "Sir, what use are we making of whales? Why are we neglecting our command of the sea—and consequently of the whale—by refusing to utilise this magnificent nourishment, rich in life-giving tissue, in oils, in fats, in protoid. Give us whales!"

Perhaps the whale-policy may even be covered or supported by an editorial.

But then an important doctor will reply. Perhaps he will be a ship's doctor. It may be that he will say that, once in an open boat, wrecked or torpedoed on the wide seas, he and his mates subsisted for a week on whale. They had a whale with them. The result was that they turned blue, like the sea—

Botches and blains did all their flesh emboss
And, in sum, they were never the same again.

Thus a doubt, a ghastly slur, will be cast upon the copious whale.

We wish we knew for certain. . . And what shall we do, until we do know? We shall take what we can get and eat it and complain about nothing. . . W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

Feb. 15.—All ground—save a chalky soil—must be given an occasional dressing of lime, especially if it has been repeatedly manured. Cassimite must be carefully used and should be applied during the early winter to vacant land.

February, however, is a good time to dress ground with quick or slacked lime.
Lay it over well-dug soil and in about two weeks' time turn it in. Do not let it come in contact with manure. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Surely the world is wide enough for all to live and let live, and everyone has an enemy in his own talent which gives him quite enough to do. But, no, one gifted man and one talented being persecutes another, and each seeks to make the other hateful.—Goethe.



Mrs. O'Malley, a canteen worker, whose husband has been a prisoner of war for two years.



Miss Irene Rooke, in the new Pinero play 'The Freaks' at the New Theatre.

PRINCE AND PEERS.

Lady Rhonda's "Communal" Supper—When the Curtain was Cheered.

EVERYBODY was interested yesterday to hear that the Prince of Wales would take his seat in the House of Lords next week. His father and grandfather, before ascending the throne, were not seldom to be seen in the House of Commons, "over the clock." Several historic parliamentary scenes, includ-

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

New Serial.—I have just been looking through the opening chapters of "The Secret Wife," the new serial which begins in *The Daily Mirror* on Wednesday, and I do not think that a more fascinating story has ever appeared in these columns. John Cardinal, as the author chooses to be known for the nonce, is a writer whose novels are well known.

London by the Sea.—Lately I managed a whiff of the very fresh breeze of Brighton, which is full of visitors. The Duchess of Rutland had been and gone, but I saw the Baroness Percy de Worms, Sir Cecil Trevor, Miss Sybil Duncombe and Miss Iris Hoey.

"Freak" Students.—I mingled with a distinguished audience at the first night of "The Freak" at the New Theatre on Thursday. Lady Wyndham was in a box. Facing her was Miss Irene Vanbrugh. In the stalls I noticed the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Charles

Standard Suits.—The standard suits for women about which we hear so much will catch on, I am convinced, for I hear that Princess Mary is having quite a number of them made for the summer.

Victorian.—I am told that there is going to be very keen competition for two pairs of early Victorian earrings, which Queen Alexandra has sent to the Duchess of Marlborough's "Baby Fund." They are the type of ornament most coveted just now.

Communal.—Lady Rhonda has evolved the latest thing in supper parties. In order to popularise the national kitchens she made up a party of well-known people from all over the country to have supper with her at a national kitchen. The food was excellent, the guests satisfied and the national kitchen movement got a "boost."

A Musical Treat.—Londoners who can manage to be in the vicinity of Wellington Barracks at about ten this morning will have a fine opportunity of hearing the massed bands of the British Brigade of Guards. It will be a musical treat of the first order, for the bands will be "rehearsing" at that hour.

An Award.—A peaceful victory not less renowned than those of war is commemorated by the award of the Polar medal to Sir Ernest Shackleton and his gallant comrades. Forty members of the exploration party received the decoration.

Baseball in England.—It is interesting to learn that another effort is being made to popularise baseball in England. My recent paragraph on the American soldiers' "ball game" activities in Aldwych has brought me an intimation from Mr. H. E. Booker that he, with others, has formed an Anglo-American Baseball League.

Some Matches.—This association is arranging for professional "ball players" from the home of the game to visit this old country and to show just how the game should be played. Picked teams from United States fighters now abiding here will oppose them.

The Masterpiece.—I met Mrs. Humphreys, otherwise known as Rita, the other day. She told me that her book, "Peg, the Rake," after the heroine of which poor slain little Nellie Trew was called, was her favourite among her novels.

Writer of Reviews.—Mr. Lauri Wylie tells me that he has now written his thirtieth review. But not satisfied with that, he has written for Mr. Alfred Butt two new plays—a three-act comedy and a musical piece of a merry nature.

A Newcomer to the Turf.—I understand that "Mr. H. Denison," who won his first race this week, is the second son of Lord Londesborough. It is pleasing to see the sporting traditions of the family upheld.

Jockey M.C.—Lieutenant William Griggs, wearing the ribbon of the Military Cross and an Italian Order, had his first mount since the outbreak of war when he rode for his prospective father-in-law, Mr. F. C. Parker, at Gatwick.

A Hint.—I hear a match is proposed between Lieutenant Graham Symes, the billiards champion, and Mr. Harry Virr, the famous Bradford player. A triangular tournament, with Major Fleming included, would prove a great attraction, I am sure.

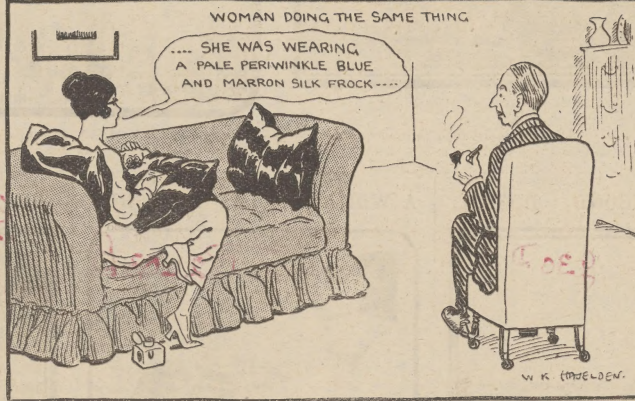
All-Black Romeo.—A novelty in the moving picture world, I learn, is the formation of a company in the States all the players of which are full-blooded negroes. They will only film high-class plays, and their first production will be "Romeo and Juliet."

To Become Poultry Farmers.—Lady Denman, who is an expert in poultry keeping, tells me that quite a number of girls are now being trained on poultry farms, with a view to taking up the work on their own account.

Stencilled Badges the Latest.—I was in a West End shop yesterday when I noticed a new and singular fashion. A lady took off her glove to count some change and on the back of her hand I saw stencilled in the proper heraldic colours the badge of a famous regiment.

THE RAMBLER.

MAN AND WIFE IN THE PROCESS OF FORM FILLING.



It is noticeable that women will fill up the ordinary Food Form with perfect composure—casually on a sofa, perhaps, talking of something else all the time. A man, on the other hand, gets fidgety, nervous, and requires perfect silence for the job.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

ing the decisive debate on the first Home Rule Bill, were witnessed by one or the other.

The Kaiser's Sister.—A diplomatic friend tells me that Sophie, late of Greece, has recently been visiting her sister, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, at her country house near Homburg.

The Empress Marie.—The long-suffering sister of Queen Alexandra, who has been practically a State prisoner in the Crimea since the revolution, will, I learn, shortly be allowed to leave and she will then take up her residence in her native country, Denmark.

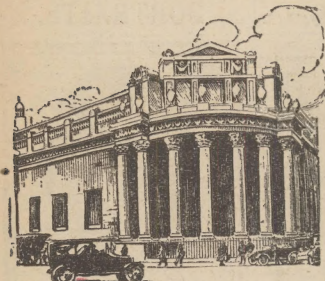
A Sculptor.—Lady Constance Leslie reminds me that the statuette of Lady Maud Warrender, in the Grosvenor Gallery show, about which I told you, is by Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan. The sculptor is a daughter of Mr. Moreton Frewen, and related to Lady Lisle and Lady Randolph Churchill. Her husband was in the Rifle Brigade.

Hawtree, Mr. Kenneth Douglas (in khaki) and Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

Cheering a Curtain.—By the way, I have never seen a curtain cheered before. But on Thursday not all the applause was reserved for the cast or the author. Mr. Claude Shepperson's artistically-designed curtain—which seems to point the moral of the play—received a well-merited ovation.

A Statesman's Wife.—I met in Bond-street recently a lady who is deeply concerned with the plight of Rumania. She was Mme. Take Jonescu, the English wife of the Rumanian statesman. Further on I saw Lord Spencer, white cravated, and Lord Morley.

War Workers at Play.—The Grafton Galleries are filled with dancers nearly every night, mostly young officers and nurses. A lot of such "war workers" dances were on this week, including one Lady Muir gave last night.



The Governor of the Bank of England:

"From every possible point of view, National War Bonds can be recommended as an investment. The interest is high, the security unquestioned, and the holder is protected against loss of capital, as far as is humanly possible, by a premium which the British Government will add to the sum invested when it is repaid in 1922, in 1924, or in 1927."

CUNLIFFE.

THE Bank of England is the embodiment of financial stability. When the Governor of that great institution, the centre of the world's finance, places on record his considered opinion upon the value of any investment, that opinion is accepted as absolute and final. And the Governor of the Bank of England endorses with his unqualified approval the value of National War Bonds as an investment.

What are National War Bonds?

They are a specific form of loan to the British Nation. You can lend £5, £20, £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000 or £5,000 by purchasing National War Bonds to the amount, and you will receive in return the definite pledge of your country to pay you good interest and to repay the money with a premium added.

Your country will pay you 5 per cent. interest each year—that is to say, for every pound lent you will receive 6d. interest twice each year, payable on 1st April and 1st October.

In addition your country will pay you back the £100 you have lent and will give you a premium or bonus as well.

For instance, if you lend the money until 1st October, 1927, you will get (a) 5 per cent. interest each year until 1st October, 1927; (b) all your money back on 1st October, 1927; (c) a bonus of £5 for each £100 on 1st October, 1927. If the sum lent is less or more than £100, the bonus will be in exact proportion.

Thus on 1st October, 1927, your country will have paid you back well over £150 for the £100 you lent. That is the meaning of

NATIONAL WAR BONDS

Have you taken advantage of the unique opportunity offered you in National War Bonds? If you have done so—have you bought all you can afford? If you have not done so, will you do so to-day?

By buying National War Bonds, you not only make an investment of the highest value, but you are also assisting your country, your country's armies, your fighting friends, and yourself to a victorious peace.

From any Bank, Stockbroker or Money Order Post Office.

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE, SALISBURY SQ., E.C.4.

THE REMEMBERED KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

LORNA LOUGHLAND has married **PATRICK LOUGHLAND** so that they may inherit a considerable fortune under a will. Though she loves him, she thinks that he does not love her, but is in love with some unknown woman. One of her friends,

MOLLY SOMERS, is also in love with Patrick, but never mentions the fact. She becomes engaged to **RUPERT PETERSON**, Lorna's brother. Another man who loves Lorna, and with whom she eventually agrees to elope because of the taunts of

HARRY LOUGHLAND, Patrick's half-brother—who, incidentally, has also tried to make love to Lorna but has been repulsed—is

FRANCIS SCOTT. He and Lorna reach the station on their flight, but are intercepted by Patrick and Loughland, who takes his wife home and declares that he loves her passionately.

"I'VE WAITED SO LONG!"

I THINK it was the sheer unexpectedness of it all that frightened me most—to feel passionate kisses on my lips after the long weeks of neglect and heart-break.

I did not for a moment believe in him. I did not believe a word he had said about caring for me. I just thought it was a fresh means of trying to hurt me—a cruel way of showing me that his superior strength could master me every time.

I tried to steel my lips to his. I fought against his arms like a tigress. I knew I struck at him as he bent over me. I wanted to hurt him. I believe I would have killed him if I had had the strength, and quite suddenly it all seemed to go from me, and I lay there helplessly, trying to push him away with weak hands.

I think he must have thought I had fainted, for he raised me quickly and looked into my face.

"Lorna—forgive me—I'm a brute . . . but I've waited so long."

He put me into a chair and bent over me. I shut my eyes. Somehow I could not bear to look at him.

"If you'd just go away and leave me alone," I said.

"I can't. I've so much to tell you. Open your eyes and look at me. I won't touch you again—I swear I won't. I just want to talk to you—let you get used to me."

"I don't want to hear—there's nothing to explain," I protested weakly.

"Yes, there is—there's everything—everything in the world," he urged. "I've had enough of this misreading and rotten pride. I went away because I believed you meant it when you told me you cared for Scott, but somehow, when I got away, I began to think things over. I began to remember—to remember the days before you went to stay with those people in the country."

"And when you went to say good-bye to the girl you would have married if it hadn't been for me," I interrupted.

He made a little quick gesture with his hands.

"Oh, that!" he said, indifferently. "She was nothing—she was no more than any other woman. None of them counted—till I met you."

I gave a little scornful laugh.

"You let your pride stand between us long enough," he interrupted. "I know now when he said that you could get round any woman," I said, bitterly.

I saw a wave of scarlet surge into his face.

"There is no woman in this world for me but you."

I rose from my chair.

"Then I am afraid there is no woman at all," I said, "because, as far as I am concerned . . ."

He did not let me finish.

"You've let your pride stand between us long enough," he interrupted. "I know now when it started—someone told you about the night of those infernal tableaux . . ."

I gave a little cry of pain, but he went on relentlessly.

"You've got to hear it. Someone told you what happened after—after your accident—what happened—when you said . . ."

I covered my burning face with my hands, and suddenly I felt the clasp of his fingers about my wrists gently trying to draw them away.

"It was from then that I began to love you," he said, and I had never heard him speak in just that tone before—such deep feeling, or such wonderful tenderness.

"I didn't want to care for you—I never expected that I should—you weren't my sort—I'd always liked women so utterly different and yet yet . . . Lorna, if you'll only just try to believe me—"

he broke out with a sort of anguish.

my word of honour that in that moment I did not know. There was something in my heart that wanted to go to him and clasp him, and cry out to him to make me believe him—to force me to believe him—but I suppose it was pride that kept my feet chilled.

Then slowly I turned away, opened the door and walked out of the room.

Across the hall I could hear the piano, and Rupert singing Patrick's song—the one that begins—

"If I went past you down the hill And you had never seen my face before . . ."

The words rang in my head as I went up to my room. They somehow worried me, as if they were trying to force some message to my understanding which I could not grasp.

As I reached the upper landing one of the Irish maids who worked under Mrs. O'Hallow spoke to me in a whisper.

I did not hear what she said, but before I had time to ask her she thrust something into my hand and disappeared.

"A MEANS TO AN END."

I WENT on to my room—I knew instinctively what she had given me—a note from Francis Scott. I opened it when I had locked the door. It was short, but sufficiently eloquent.

"I have followed you back here. When can I see you? I am going to give you up now. I see you. Write to me. Biddy will bring a note."

Biddy was the Irish girl who had given me the letter. I read it through twice, then I burnt it, lighting it at the lamp burning on the table and tramping the soot under the rug.

So he had followed me. Somehow during the past few hours I had forgotten all about Francis Scott, and a little shiver, half of fear, half of delight, ran through me as I realised what his presence meant.

Patrick refused to believe that I cared for him. Patrick had laughed at me for protesting that I did—his confidence had cut deeply into my pride; in a bitter imagination I seemed to see all those other girls in his life whom he had known before me—the one with hair like mine, who had died; the actress who had engaged herself to him for advertisement; the girl he had been driving with that night on the Hampstead road—oh, and the others.

So he had probably never even heard. Jealousy is a hard taskmaster; it drives and drives, goading and torturing till one is half mad. And I suppose that's how it was with me. I thought and thought till my senses reeled, till the only clear thought left in my aching head was the ever-growing longing to pay him out, to try and get even with him for all he had made me suffer, to save my pride, even by doing so I broke my heart.

The piano was still going downstairs, but presently it stopped and the house seemed horribly still.

I sat down then and wrote an answer to Francis Scott's note. I said I would ride with him at half-past six the following morning—I told him where to meet me.

I don't think there was any other thought in my mind. I am afraid I was incapable then of looking further ahead or of making plans. I was so tired I could have dropped asleep as I stood, but I slipped downstairs and gave the note to Biddy; then I undressed and crept into bed. I suppose I was as tired as I was. I don't think I stirred all night till I woke with a start to the sound of a clock chiming six.

I got up at once and dressed. I went down through the silent house and out at a side door.

I went to the stables and saddled Hector myself. None of the men was about yet, and then I opened the heavy yard door and I trotted out into the grey morning.

Francis had written to me from an inn about three miles away. I don't know how he conveyed the note to Biddy or how she carried his answer, and I didn't care.

He was only a means to an end as far as I was concerned. I suppose it was cruel to me to have ever encouraged him, but women are always cruel, I think, when they find themselves placed as I was.

It was a fine morning, with a cloudless sky, and I remember how the birds sang as Hector and I went soberly down the deserted road to the crossways, where I had told Francis I would meet him.

The trees and grass were all beginning to look fresh and green, and I thought with a little heartache of the larks and meadows round the village where I had lived with Aunt Anne; of her beautiful garden and the great bed of cherry pie that had greeted the world that morning of my first meeting with Patrick.

And suddenly, for no reason at all, I felt the tears on my cheeks.

How utterly changed I had become since that day. I did not feel miles and years separated and the girl who had fallen in love with Patrick Loughland.

The cross roads were in sight now, and I brushed the tears away determinedly. What was the use of looking back at the past. One could only look on ahead, and hope for something worth having in the future.

I spoke to Hector, and he changed his lazy gait to a canter, and so we reached the end of the road and turned the corner, to where a man on horseback waited at the crossways, and the man was my husband.

Be sure to read Monday's fine instalment of this grand "true to life" story. You'll be sorry if you miss it.

HOW TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

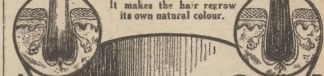
An Opportunity to test the "ASTOL" Method FREE. No one is willingly Grey Haired. The problem that greys hair is to solve is a how to and potent reason for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned "miser" dyes, dyes and must and must make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

Astol as proved by the experience of a number of one-time grey-haired persons, does actually restore hair colour in a natural way.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

"Astol" is an absolutely clear and colourless liquid. It does not give temporarily a false colour to the hair, but brings back its natural colour. This is a very real and potent reason for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned "miser" dyes, dyes and must and must make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

Now is the time to test the special virtues of "Astol." This special preparation does not colour the hair. It makes the hair regrow its own natural colour.



(A) In this diagram is shown the condition of the hair shafts when the colour cells have become impoverished and inactive through age, illness, worry or overwork.

(B) On the right is seen the condition of the hair shafts when the colour cells have been reawakened the dormant colour cells and caused to become active through the use of "Astol."

The treatment only takes up about two minutes a day. "Astol" is a gentle, refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp and is very soothing to a tired brain or nerves. "Astol" builds languid, weak and inactive coloring cells into healthy activity once more. Test it Free. (See Coupon below.)

CONTENTS OF FREE "ASTOL" OUTFIT.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which immediately commences to restore your rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless.

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampooing Powder, for washing hair and scalp cleaner, which prevents the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of "Good News for the Grey-Haired."

Readers will learn with interest that the discovery of "Astol" is due to the inventor-discoverer of Harleone "Hair-Oril," and the hundreds of thousands who have adopted this "Back-to-Youth" Astol method are now congratulating themselves that they have taken years from their appearance.

Once you have seen how quickly "Astol" restores your hair colour you can obtain further supplies from a chemist at 3s. and 6s. a bottle. "Cremex" is 1s. 1d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d.), or direct, post free, on remittance, from Edwards Ltd., 215, 22, 23, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.1. Single packets can be sent to foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"ASTOL" FREE GIFT OUTFIT

Cut out and Post this Gift Form To-day.

TO EDWARDS' HARLEONE LTD., 20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampooing Powder, with full instructions. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper. Do not stamp or post as directed above, "envelope" Sample List.

"Daily Mirror," 102 18.

ADELPHI—(Gerr. 2645.) "The Boy," W. H. Berry, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

AMBAZADOR—(Gerr. 2645.) "The Boy," W. H. Berry, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

APOLLO—2.30, 8.15. "Inside the Lines," Mattines, Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 8.15.

COMEDY—Hubbly, musical entertainment, with Arthur Playfair, 8.15. Mon. Fri. and Sat., 8.15.

CURY—Today, at 2.30 and 8.15. Last 2 performances, "Anzac Cove," "Hector Troupe from Kiring Line, No. 10."

ELFRIEM—The Celebrated Farce, "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

DAILY—At 2.30 and 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

THE GEORGE EDWARDS PRODUCTIONS, Mats. Tu. Sat., at 2.

GRURY LANE—(Gerr. 2683.) "Aladdin," Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

DUKE OF YORKS—Evenings, 8.30. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. "The 13th Chair," Tel. Ger. 314.

SAIETY—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

GABRIEL—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET—General Post. Daily, at 2.30 and 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

HIS MAJESTY—"Chu Chin Chow," Today, at 2.15. Every Evening, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

KINGSWAY—Brooklyn Chorus in "A Wain Knights Were Bold," Mats. Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Thurs. Sat., 8.15.

LYRIC—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

LYRIC—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

MASKS—Theatre of the "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

NEW—Today, at 2.30. Nightly, at 8.30. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

OXFORD—Greatest Bazaar play, "The Better Off," Arthur Boucher as "Old Bill," Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.15.

PALACE—Today, at 2.30 and 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

PRINCE OF WALES—Evenings, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

PRINCES—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

ROYALTY—"Billeted," Daily, at 2.30. To-night and Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15. Dennis Padie, Eric Hoey, at 8.15.

ST. MARTIN'S—Tonight, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

ST. MARTIN'S—Tonight, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

SAVOY—2.30, 8.30. "Nothing but the Truth," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY—(Gerr. 2666.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

STRAND—(Mr. A. Aldin's Season.)—Evenings, 8.30. Mats, W. T. S. 2.30. "Cheating Cheaters," Shirley Kellogg, etc. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

VAUDEVILLE—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot," with Regine Florey, Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

WINDMILL—Tonight, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

ALPHADOME—Tonight, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

PALLADIUM—Tonight, at 8.15. "The 25th of June," 2.30 and 8.15.

THE NEW MAGNA CHARTA:

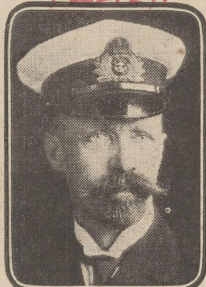
BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY,
IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

Daily Mirror

ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS.



Sir-E. H. Shackleton.



Lieutenant F. Wild.

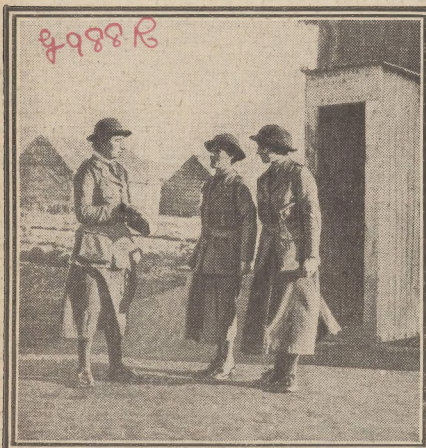
Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O., and Lieutenant F. Wild, R.N.V.R., who are to receive the clasp to the Polar Medal inscribed Antarctic, 1914-16. Sir Ernest was the leader of the expedition.

NEW PLANES MADE FROM OLD.



There is no waste in the R.F.C., and the photograph shows women sorting out the planes of old or damaged aeroplanes. The wood is used again in the construction of new machines.

JOB FOR WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.



The members of the Women's Volunteer Reserve are acting as forage guards. Here an officer is seen showing to the sentries her Government authority for entering the dump.

A DAMAGED SHELTER AT LENS.



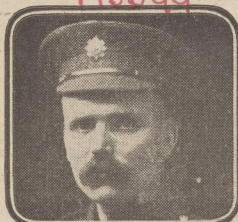
A wrecked house within 900 yards of the centre of Lens, which is used by the Canadians to shelter their water tanks.—(Canadian War Records.)

ONLY HIS CLOTHES SUFFERED.



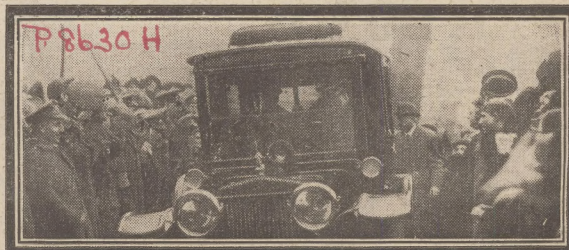
A French colonial soldier, who, though blown up by a shell, was fortunate enough to escape injury. His clothes, however, were torn to shreds.

AUTHOR IN KHAKI.



Pte. Stephen Graham, Scots Guards, who is better known as a traveller and a writer on Russia. His latest book is entitled "A Priest of the Ideal." (Russell and Sons.)

THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT THE WOUNDED.



The King and Queen paid a visit yesterday to the Red Cross hospital at Richmond Green, and received a great welcome from the soldiers.

PORTRAITS.



A new portrait of Miss Honora Spring-Rice, a niece of the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the former Ambassador at Washington, who has just died at Ottawa.



Lady Ashburton, who has left England for the Continent with her husband, the sixth Baron Ashburton. She was formerly Miss Frances Donnelly, of New York.

DECORATED BY A GENERAL.



General Martin de Bouillon decorating a poilu who displayed great heroism as a Red Cross worker. Several other heroes received medals.